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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

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ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



THE HORN OF PLENTY.

There will be no danger of a "Surplus Issue" in the next Presidential Campaign.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor, H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, May 29th, 1889. — No. 638.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE SCHOOL-BOYS of a time not long past used to sing:

"If I was the President
Of these United States,
I'd eat molasses candy,
And swing upon the gates."

And their elders heard them and smiled indulgently, reflecting that some day those children would grow up to a more mature comprehension of the duties of our nation's chief magistrate — would learn to comprehend the eminence of his position, and the responsibility that went hand in hand with his power.

Blind and innocent elders! The children saw instinctively the possibilities of the future. They were prophets, and out of the mouths of babes and sucklings that which was to come was foretold. It has not come yet; but the logic of events proves clearly that it is to come — and, from present indications, it will come in our own time. Why not? Business is business: this is an age of progress, and it is not to be supposed that matters are to go on for long in the very unbusiness-like way in which they are now going in the White House.

President Harrison came into office on the 4th of March, 1889. He will have been in office three months when this issue of Puck appears. During these three months he has had but one duty to perform — the



FROM A STOCK MARKET POINT OF VIEW.

"Ah, Jacob, I fear I have not many days to live."

"Nonsense, Fader, you have as much as thirty years yet before you."

"No, Jacob, no! The Lord is n't going to take me at 100 when he can get me at 70."

filling of the federal offices. To the performance of this duty he has given all his time — and we are given to understand that he has worked hard. Now, the job to which President Harrison has devoted all his time is not really a difficult job. He has only to turn out all officials who are Democrats, and to replace them with Republicans so as best to suit the leaders of the Republican party. Of course, this last clause implies some little annoyance. It is Mr. Harrison's duty to decide which leaders should be first served, which of them should receive the largest share of offices, and what offices should be assigned to any given leader. But, of course, it does not require a high order of intellect to determine these questions. In a broad, general way, they affect the welfare of the party (to say nothing of the country); but, practically, they must be decided according to the importuning power of the individual leader. Mr. Quay, for instance, must be given what he wants, for himself or for his followers, if he can ask for it forcibly enough. Mr. Sherman, on the other hand, must be politely denied, if he can not enforce his claims to recognition.

It does not require a statesman to do work of this sort. Any clerk in a wholesale dry-goods house, who has had a year's experience in fixing the credits of the different buyers, could readily draw up a schedule of "influence," allotting his fair share to every party-leader, from Mr. Quay to the unspeakable Dudley, who may not dine at the White House, and who must get what is to be given him in roundabout ways. Such a man could be hired for \$1,500 a year, and, if he were a young man, he could readily work ten hours a day, the year through, excepting Sundays. This would leave the President practically free from care. He would have to sign the commissions, but this need not prove too heavy a task. At the present rate of removals and appointments to office, he would have to sign only 2,000 commissions a week. This would make, counting six working-days as a week, only 333 1/3 signatures *per diem*. "B. Harrison" is a name easy to write. Allowing ten seconds to one signature, a day's work might be accomplished in something less than 56 minutes. We see, therefore, that it would be possible for Mr. Harrison, by taking one hour out of the day — say the hour after breakfast — to perform all his presidential functions as well as he is performing them at present, and to have all the rest of the day to himself.

How should he employ his leisure time, supposing that the engagement of a competent substitute gave him twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four to use as his own? We must assume, naturally, that his mind is free from care. He has arranged with his subordinate that some one member of the Harrison family connection, (outside of those boarded and lodged in the White House,) shall be appointed to office each week. This lifts the burden of the Harrisons and Saunderses and McKees from his mind. He can fairly feel that he has discharged his whole duty to himself, to his family, to his party, and to the great nation that has elected him to office. Now, what shall he do with himself? Why should he not turn to the ideal of his boyhood, and find the supreme happiness of political ambition in eating molasses candy and swinging upon the gates of the White House enclosure?

Such a use of his spare time might call forth criticism from people of conventional minds. Yet we can not see why any serious objection should be urged to the carrying out of this simple and innocuous policy. It must work to the advantage of President Harrison. If he sits down to his breakfast at eight o'clock, he probably, according to the social traditions of Indianapolis, leaves the board at eight-fifteen. One hour given to signing the commissions agreed upon between his deputy and the party leaders the day before gives him his freedom at 9:15. Why should he not hasten at once to the iron gates of the White House driveway, and swinging thereupon, watch the panorama of the passing multitudes?

He can not but benefit himself in such an employment. If he studies the crowds that pass him, he must learn the great truth that there is a world outside of Indianapolis, and that the ting-ting of the bell, on his desk in the Sunday-school room did not summon a whole nation before him. It must be well for him to learn these things. And if, perchance, he eats molasses candy the while, we ask again, why not? It is a simple confection. It can not offend the Prohibitionist party, of which Mr. Harrison has ever stood in fear. Its consumption encourages native industry, and helps to keep alive the Home Market. It is an agreeable change from pie, and it is a simple luxury, the use of which ought to appeal pleasantly to the honest workingman. The sugar whereof it is made pays a heavy duty to the Custom House — but, then, what does not?

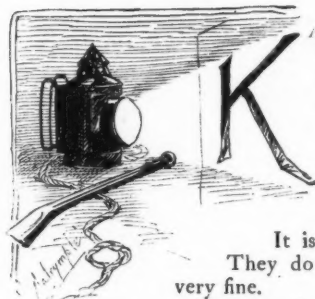
Why, then, should not Mr. Harrison realize the ideal of boyhood, leave his present duties to a competent subordinate, and consume molasses candy while he swings upon the White House Gates? Well, because — well, as a matter of fact, there is no earthly reason why he should n't.

Puck's Pictorial Gazetteer

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XXXIII.

KANSAS CITY, MO.



KANSAS CITY, red with the life-blood of slaughtered swine, black with swarms of conscienceless real-estate men, and green with envy of Omaha, is the crowning glory of Old Missouri, a region chiefly noted as the late home of that large-hearted and hard-headed patriot and martyr, Hon. Jesse James.

It is situated on the "Big Muddy."

It is a little muddy itself most of the time.

They do say that the hosiery displays there are very fine.

The population is—but no. A real estate dealer gave the figures in confidence. Omaha must not get on to them. Suffice it to say, that seven cable roads are maintained for the purpose of killing off the surplus.

A series of cable accidents follows each yearly census.

Rome was built upon seven hills. Kansas City can give the ancient town on the turgid Tiber a few points on the hill business.

The tourist needs a guide, a strong rope, and an alpenstock. The rope will come handy, and the alpenstock can be utilized as a post. Then the tourist's feelings will carry him away.

The guide will notify the coroner.

So many people are thus carried away annually, by the sight of Kansas City, that guides know their business.

As in other rural towns, the principal thoroughfare is Main Street.

Masculine Kansas Citians are known as "cow-boys." It is not good form, however, to refer to the ladies as "cow-girls." Nor is it healthy.

The K. C. girl has well developed biceps, and the combativeness so prevalent in sporting centres.



For it is a sporting centre. It has a base-ball club, and Sunday evening dog fights are becoming quite a fad. Progressive cocking mains are also popular.

Visitors are always heartily welcomed. The tourist is met in a secluded spot by the reception committee, (masked, as is the custom, and provided with dark lanterns,) the members of which kindly take charge of his watch and available assets.

He is usually overpowered by their cordial manner.

The authorities are thinking seriously of compelling footpads to take out licenses.

Real estate men are preparing to take out the necessary papers, and have ordered a supply of badges, masks, and dark lanterns.

They will not change their vocation, except to garnish it with *bric-à-brac* of this *outré* character.

The Kansas City real estate man is the king of his kind. His nerve passeth understanding. It requires diplomacy to handle those hills and hollows.

If a man objects to purchasing a hole in the ground, the pious-looking dealer informs him that the party owning the hill on the next block will gladly pay for the privilege of dumping the eminence into the depression.

The prospective purchaser of the hill is told by the star liar, that the owner of the cavity is yearning to buy a hill somewhere.

They buy, and then—alas! it would be cruel to proceed.



Franklyn W. Lee.

WHERE THEY FAIL.

CALLER (at a photograph gallery).—That is a grand picture of the Centennial parade; every face perfect.

PHOTOGRAPHER (proudly).—Yes, it is an instantaneous picture of the troops on the march—best I ever took.

CALLER.—Yes, every motion appears to have been caught; the marching troops, waving flags, galloping horses, rushing crowds—but what are these blurred spots on the grand stands?

PHOTOGRAPHER (sadly).—I don't know; but I guess they are babies.

It is the Oklahoma bomb now; it has burst.

MINNEAPOLIS CITIZENS get very cross when they hear any thing about "St. Paul preferred."

THE WAY of the transgressor is stone-ballasted, with seventy-pound steel rails—if he knows what he's about.



TWO TRAVELERS.

FARMER HARRER.—What yer got that drum on th' dog fer?

SPLATTERS (the tramp).—Oh, it kinder 'nourages the marchin'. All I hev t' say is, "you gits yer dinner soon, Roger," an' he drums out Sherman's March just as nat'ral as I heered it in Georgy.

REDUCING A BIG HEAD.

STAGE DIRECTOR (to MANAGER, excitedly).—It's time for the curtain to rise, and here the *Little Lord Fauntleroy* declares he won't go on unless his salary is doubled. Shall I dismiss the audience?

MANAGER (grimly).—Not much. (He grips his cane firmly, and proceeds to the greenroom, from whence many sharp whacks and shrill cries are soon heard to issue. He returns.) Let the play begin, Mr. Director; the star has decided to assume his part, as usual.

QUESTION OF THE HOUR;
—Is the Secretary of State a *persona grata* than the President?

THE WEEPING WILLOW should be planted in tiers.

THE LANGUAGE of a deaf mute is a thing that goes without saying.

BREWERIES, NOT RAILROADS, seem to be the gilt-edged investments of to-day. Beer is stronger than water.

ON THE PIAZZA.

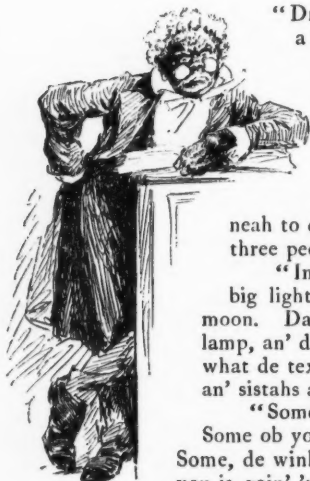


MRS. CREEDOE. — Why, Ethel Creedoe! Smoking! I am surprised!!



MR. LANQUET. — Excuse me, Mrs. Creedoe, I'm here.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON
OF THE
REV. SIM GOOSEBERRY, 'POSSUM BOTTOM, WEST VA.



"De wo'bs ob de tex' am: 'Don' put yo' light undah a bushel.'

"Dah am four p'int's to dat tex' — de bushel, de light, de candle, an' de candle-stick.

"In de fust place, dah am many kinds ob bushels. Dah am de bushel ob shell'd co'n; dat am a struck bushel. Dah am de bushel ob co'n in de eah; dat am a heap bushel.

Dah am de cheatin' bushel, wid de bottom too neah to de top. An' dah am de basket ob peaches dat run three peck to de bushel, wid de bes' peaches on top.

"In de secon' place, dah am de light. Dah am de big light ob de sun. Dah am de secon'-han' light ob de moon. Dah am de winkin' ob de sta's. Dah am de coal-ile lamp, an' de dip. Dese multiplitudinous so'ts ob lights ain't what de tex' p'int's to: it p'int's to de light dat you bruddahs an' sistahs am holdin' up since you got converted.

"Some ob you is holdin' up de glor'ous light of de Sun. Some ob you is holdin' up de secon'-han' light ob de Moon. Some, de winkin' ob de sta's. Some de coal-ile. An' some ob you is goin' 'roun' wid de sho't stump ob an ole dip dat wānts snuffin' mighty bad. An' dah's some ob yo' lights dat smells

mighty strong ob sulphah — de Debble's been snuffin' yo' candle wid his fingahs.

"Don' put yo' light undah a bushel.' Ob co'se you won't! What fo' you tu'n de bushel upside down so it won't hold nuffin? De Lo'd wants folks fo' to see de measure ob yo' light; you've got to put it in de bushel!

"Some ob you's got an' honest, struck bushel. Some ob you's got a heap bushel dat looks big, but hain't solid. Some ob you's tryin' to fool people wid de bottom ob yo' bushel too neah to de top. An' some ob you's tryin' ha'd to make yo' poo' ole stump ob a dip gib three peck ob light to de bushel. An' ole Satan's standin' at de measurin' grinnin' at you; an' he'll grab you fo' sho't measure, shoo.

"I mind when I was a young man, restin' in my ca'nal secu'ity. I was co'tin' a lady dat did n't lib fo'ty mile from dis sanctua'y. We was settin' dah in de bes' kitchen; an' settin' — I need n't tell you sinnahs 'bout dat. De lady says to me — lookin' at de dip dat was bu'nin' on de high up chimbley-piece — 'Dat light kindah hu'ts my eyes.'

"I would n't hab had her eyes hu't fo' nothin'; so I done tol' her fo' to git up off — I jumped up fo' to blow out de candle, an' she grab me.

"What you gwine to do?' says she.

"Blow out de light dat hu'ts yo' eyes,' says I.

"Don' do dat,' says she; 'Father don't 'low dat.'
"I lef' it alone — bu'nin' — an' sot down ag'in.'
"What you gwine to do now?' says she.
"Come set where you was an' shut yo' eyes,' says I.
"I'll kiver de light fust,' says she; 'dah's no law agin kiverin' it.'
She grabbed de candle an' stuck it undah a tub dat was upside down on de floo'. An' de da'kness was ez black as inside de toe ob a shoe.
"Den we sot down in our ca'nal secu'ity, like we was befo'.
"Befo' dat tub had time fo' to git half full of light, de do' opened, an' de ole man hollahed, 'Who dah?'
"Dah we sot in our ca'nal secu'ity, sayin' nuffin', no mo' den owls in a knot-hole, wid our light undah de tub.
"De ole man, he come rampagin' aroun', an' he tumbled ober de tub; an' de light ob truth come out, an' de candle ob damnation kep' on bu'nin': an' dah we was cotched by de be'y ole fellow himself.
"I hab reasons ob my own fo' mindin' de truth ob de tex' ez long ez I lib. Don' put yo' light undah a tub."

Tobe Hodge.

THE BLIND VIOLINIST.

From the noisy street comes the sound of his playing,
Fitful and weird as a midnight kne'l;
And some of the listeners' lips are praying
That the sightless wretch may be deaf as well.

Antony Chekyl.

IF YOU WANT to know how utterly dead-broke the Napoleonic Empire is, just offer a half-franc at any "L" road ticket office.

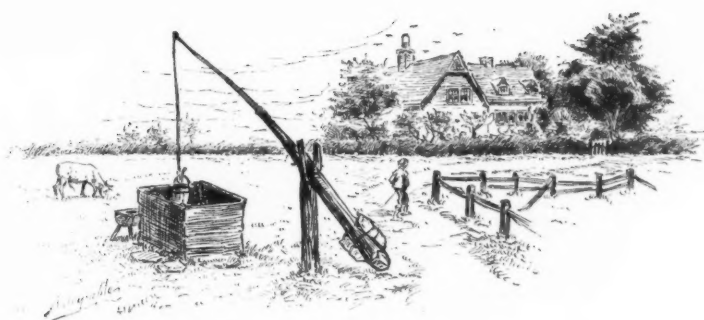
THE MAN without legs, who came all the way from Texas to see the President, must not delude himself that he fills any long-felt want. It is the man without arms — warranted not to shake hands with his toes — that can endear himself to the Executive Head just now.

THEY ALL HAD TO COME TO IT.

PARSON. — Did you ever experience a revival of religion, sir?

TRAVELING MAN. — Yes, once, on board ship, in a storm. It looked as if we might go to the bottom any minute. Even the cook prayed!





URBS IN RURE.

A MAN who has once lived in the city can never throw the influence off. To prove the truth of this assertion, it is only necessary to look at any suburban town, and see how it has been urbanized by the city people who have flown to it to alleviate their bronchial trouble, or to secure a low rent.

In the first place, you find a country house supplied with city water, on a city lot, just behind a city lamp-post. There is no old Colonial house, with swallows twittering on the eaves, and a few century-old elms casting their gracious shadows on the wheat field across the way. There is no lane, or orchard, or old-fashioned garden drowsy with perfume and murmurous with bees.

On the other side of the way is a livery stable or an opera house, and the man next door is so close to you that you can not see the sky without climbing to the garret, and looking through the scuttle. Of course, there are electric lights, gas, fire department, flagged walks, and policemen. You don't see any sheep grazing on the side of a green hill, and there are no cresses in the brook, because there is no brook; your cresses come from the city market, where they were probably grown. And yet the residents fancy they are living in the country, just as people living in Harlem think they are living in the city.

Our country friends are living in the country, nominally; but they have brought the city out with them and transplanted it. As soon as they have named the streets, and had the town incorporated as a city, they boom it as an ideal country place. But, in reality, they are living in a fifth-rate burlesque on any city, where there is generally no more drainage than wild flowers, and where typhoid malaria struggles for supremacy with the mosquitos.



DISCOURAGING ENTERTAINMENT.

GUEST.—Got any toothpicks, ErNSTein?
ERNSTEIN.—Nein; I got me a packach, but dem fellers vat gomes here shole dem unt took dem away!

Think of the country with horse-cars! Why, these people would do better to return to the real city, for there is nothing so unsatisfactory as a poor imitation of a good thing, and nothing so desirable as the genuine article in all the grandeur of breezy perfection. They even complain of the mosquitos that infest the suburban houses, as though mosquitos are not part of the country.

What they would like would be a line of rumbling stages and a torchlight procession. Think what it would look like for country people to fly to the city, and start rye fields on Fifth Avenue, and let the bars down on Great Jones Street for the cows to pass through, and chase pigs through Houston Street to keep them from eating the corn on the Bowery. Yet it would not be any more out of place.

After awhile the landscape painter will have to select inartistic ice-cream saloons, and whitewashed trees set out so many feet apart, and, in fact, reproduce an uninteresting semi-cityscape to give city people what they consider a genuine panorama of the country.

R. K. M.



SECOND-HAND WARRANTEES.

ZED AMPERSAN (*angrily*).—Looker here, Sim. You said that there horse you sold me was warranted sound an' kind!

SIM SIMON (*innocently*).—Yessiree. He was warranted sound an' kind by the city feller I bought him of!

NATURE'S GRAND CATHEDRAL.

"Are you going to church to-day?" asked Mr. Orthodox of Mr. Freethink.

"No," said Mr. Freethink, emphatically; "I shall worship in the grand cathedral of nature."

Half an hour later, Mr. Freethink was seated at a rickety deal table under a dusty tree, listening to the notes of a wheezy orchestration, and drinking something that looked like beer.

OUR POLICE BOSSES.

POLICE COMMISSIONER (*to complainant*).—If you were not drunk when arrested, why did n't you appeal to the Justice?

MURPHY.—Faith, sor, it's a good deal cheaper to pay a fine than to get the whole Department down on yez forever!

THE CULINARY CODE.

CUSTOMER.—Crackers and soup.

WAITER.—One Rusk — one Halstead.

IT TAKES TWO to make a bargain, and a third party to find out that it was n't so much of a bargain after all.

THE ANIMOSITIES of Washington's time are things of the past. We've buried the hatchet, now let's bury the cherry-tree.



Ready for the Question.

GEORGE — Amelia, I have a question
AMELIA. — Pop it, George.

THE ARABIAN TRAVELER.

LETTER III.

OHAMMED BEN ALI to Ismail Mustapha, Chief Cook of the Eastern Star, greetings and glory.

How shall I tell thee of the wonders which I have seen or of the strange things which I have heard, O Light of Asia Minor! Let me begin at the beginning, and tell thee first of the strange men and women I have seen.

The men here are divided into three classes: workingmen, politicians and dudes.

The workingmen are those of the humblest station, who do the manual labor of the land. But they are not as wise as our workingmen in the East, O Lover of the Nightingale! For, behold, they have made unto themselves deities of certain of their fellows, and these they obey blindly.

And these deities, called in this country, agitators, do persuade the workingmen to rebel against their employers, and to join in concerted movements not to labor. Then these agitators do persuade the workingmen to contribute large

sums of money to the support of the movement, which presently fails because the workingmen, having no work, become hungry. And the agitators then say unto them: "Verily, ye must go to work again." And they go; but the agitator liveth in peace and plenty on the sums contributed to support the movement called a "strike."

Politicians are those who manage the government of the country. This is, as you know, O Learned Descendant of Saladin! a republic, in which the people choose their own rulers. But, verily, this choice is of a curious nature. When an election is about to come on, the politicians assemble in large numbers at a given place, and select those who shall be offered to the people as candidates for the offices.

The politicians rarely run for office themselves, finding it more certain to offer men who are of good repute with the people, but who in secret are the subjects of the politicians. And no candidates are offered save those of the politicians, or, if offered, are never elected.

The politicians arrange the programme and the people perform it. The politicians pipe and the people dance. And they dance with exceeding merriment and with great glee, foolishly supposing that they are of their own free will choosing their rulers.

And thus is the government of the country managed in the interest of the politicians, who wax fat and eat turtle soup, who wear tall hats that shine like the armor of Saladin, and diamonds that sparkle like the sunlight on the Bosphorus.

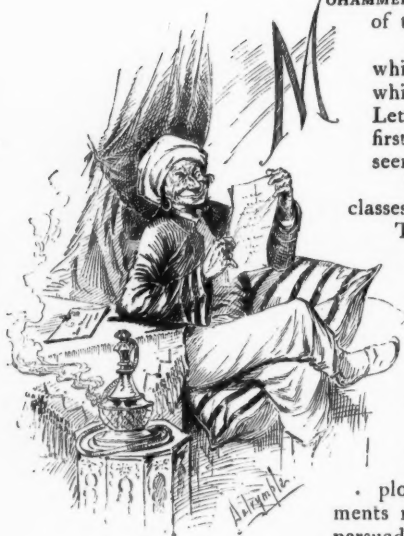
And even now the people have but lately voted right gladly against candidates who desired to lighten their taxes, and in favor of those who will make them heavier, by reason of the domination of the caste of politicians. For when the government said that it would be wise to remove certain taxes hitherto imposed on goods brought from Europe and Asia, so that the Americans might purchase them for less money, the politicians said that the American workingmen would lose money because home products would become cheaper; and the agitators joined with the politicians; and the laboring men defeated the government.

And they saw not that they would have been greatly benefited by the removal of the tax, because they believed the politicians. And now these taxes will be collected, and the candidates chosen by the politicians will see to it that the tax money will be used for the strengthening of the power of the politicians.

Verily, O Sunshine of the Winter! in our country the politician would speedily be sewn up in a sack and thrown into the Sea of Marmora.

Then there is the third class, known as the dudes. These are they who do not labor, but strive to imitate the aristocracy of monarchical countries. But they are the subjects of the tailors of England, and they wear such clothing as they are directed to wear by these tailors. And they dare not wear any other kind of clothing, lest they should lose caste and be no longer dudes.

Is it not strange, O Child of Hope! that the caste of men should depend upon their clothing? And is it not strange that the fashion of this clothing should be ruled by the tailors of another land? Verily, an



WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

MR. BILLINGTON. — Oh, why do you say "No?"

MISS COOINGTON. — Because I did n't think you would take "No" for an answer.

American tailor dare not invent a fashion of his own, lest the dudes no longer buy their clothing of him. He must make clothing according to the laws of England.

Now, therefore, thou seest that the workingmen are the subjects of the agitators; and these, like the politicians, are chiefly Irish; while the dudes are the subjects of the English tailors. So, as thou wilt readily perceive, this marvelous republic, of which we have heard such wondrous accounts, is by no means such a remarkably free country; but is managed chiefly by foreigners unto their own glory and enrichment.

These things have I learned from the instructive conversation of my friend. More yet would I tell thee, but now I go hence to witness yet other things in this land. Farewell for a week, O Joy of my Memory!

A HORRID DREAM.

The President had been moody all the morning, and, finally, unable to contain himself longer, he whispered: "Lige, I had an awful dream last night."

"A dream!" exclaimed Lige, in alarm.

"Yes, Lige," said the President, solemnly; "a dream, an awful dream, a regular nightmare, and I woke up all in a tremble. Lige, I dreamed I was looking over my letter of acceptance."

NO COMPLIMENTARIES.



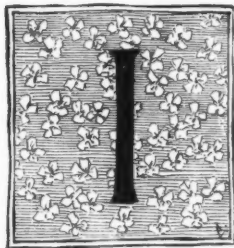
SPOKESMAN. — Look here, young feller, we're three mighty bad men, an' we allus goes into circuses free; so hand out the ticks, an' don't keep us waitin', or else we'll —



CIRCUS OFFICIAL (to the trained boxing grizzly) — That'll do, Jeff, get back in your cage!

TO A 1/2 SISTER.

(Written at a Short Distance from Yaphank, and Sent by my Little Dog Timothy.)



[AFTER WORDSWORTH.]

IT IS THE twenty-fourth of May,
And in the quiet leas
The cow reposes all the day
A-taking of her ease.

The blooms are white on every bough,
The blue-bird sweetly chants;
And in the ground the gardener now
Sets out his tender plants.

All Nature sings a gladsome song,
So don your worsted hood,
And we'll away and walk along
The violet-dotted wood.

We'll hear the redwing's lay of love,
We'll see the daisy's stars,
And note the ox his moist nose shove
Betwixt the mossy bars.

There is a blessing in each breeze
That haunts the fragrant mead;
The sky is filled with fleecy seas —
It's very fine, indeed!

Then let unwashed the dishes stand,
Leave all unswept the floors,
And wander with me hand-in-hand
On Summer's golden shores.

Pray bring the ever frisky Bill,
Your water spaniel red,
And Cousin Lucy's basket fill
With eggs and gingerbread.

We'll drink the breezes soft and pure
That out of heaven float,
And they will cure, I'm pretty sure,
That tickling in your throat.

We'll watch the brown bees rise and fall
About the lily's cup —
So just put on your old red shawl —
Don't go to dressing up!

We'll shape our joyful thoughts unto
The brooklet's lispings voice,
And sit upon the flowers blue,
And listen and rejoice.

Exalted by the scene sublime, Fond reverence we'll feel;
And I will see you home in time To cook the evening meal.

R. K. M.

MERIT DEFENDED.

"THE SILK SHIRT," says the N. Y. Sun, "is only a dudish vulgar ostentatious and extravagant," and the Sun goes on to say that it may not properly be worn in Summer-time as well as the all-conquering flannel shirt.

Our brilliant contemporary should descend from a position too hastily taken — or, in the terse language of the day, come off. The flannel shirt is a noble bird, and none shall gainsay his greatness while we live. But his silken brother has many claims to our regard and affection. Let us treat him fairly.

He is much cooler than flannel — in fact, he is the coolest thing in the world, except a garment of shredded cucumbers. He costs no more than a fine flannel shirt, and he is a cheaper garment in the end, for he does not shrink in the washing, and, like cleanliness itself, is "practically immortal." His sphere of usefulness, it is true, is limited. He may not be worn when you go a-fishing, or when you take a long journey, where you may be exposed to sudden cold. But as he has no fuzzy surface to catch dust and cinders, he is the ideal garment for a trip to the home of the Giants at St. George's, or for a run up to Narragansett or down to Monmouth Races; and he brightens the life of the young man who, after working all day in a dusty downtown office, would fain stroll uptown after business hours, looking trim and neat enough to bow unabashed to any fair daughter of Gotham who may cross his path.

And it can not be denied that he



HAPPY HARLEM.

HOST (to OLD FRIEND, just returned from Europe). — Yes, indeed, as you say, it's perfectly delightful to find a place in New York where you can live comfortably at a reasonable price, with all the advantages of civilized metropolitan life, and none of the —

HOSTESS (suddenly). — John, you must make Finnegan keep his gazelle out of our yard. That makes the fourth time he's reached in and eaten all the salad off the side-table!



LIVED ON A ONE-TRACK ROAD.

ST LOW (of Wheat Corners). — They seem to run this Elevated road in a mighty one-sided fashion!

AUNT AMANDA. — How so?

ST LOW. — Why, we've passed five trains going up on the other track, and not a single one coming down on this!

has a natural elegance and a severe simplicity of decoration about him which many of our flannel friends of the lower grade would do well to emulate. He never makes a gaudy checker-board of himself: he is never puffed or pleated.

No, the silk shirt, rightly used, is an excellent addition to man's wardrobe. He is not dudish — nothing can be dudish that is beautiful, useful and economical.

And furthermore, brilliant brother, are you not firing into your own camp? Our crusade is against the cruel tyranny of starched linen — of stiff collars and cuffs — we are fighting for comfort in Summer-time. If the silk shirt comes to help us with knightly service, shall we not welcome him as a brother, and enlist him in the cause as a bosom friend?

EXPLAINED.

"What is that growing in the field, Papa?"

"Corn, my dear."

"And what kind of birds are those eating the corn, Papa?"

"Crows, my dear."

"But why does n't the man scare them away, Papa?"

"That is not a man, my dear; that is a scare-crow."

SHE HAD HIM.

MRS. CROSS (to her husband, at one o'clock a. m.). — Let's see, who was that little girl who acted so long in "Little Lord Fauntleroy?"

CHRIS. CROSS. — Elsie Lezel.

MRS. CROSS. — You have not been to the lodge this evening, and now I want you to tell me where you have been.

ACCOMMODATING.

THE PRESIDENT. — Well, sir, what can I do for you?

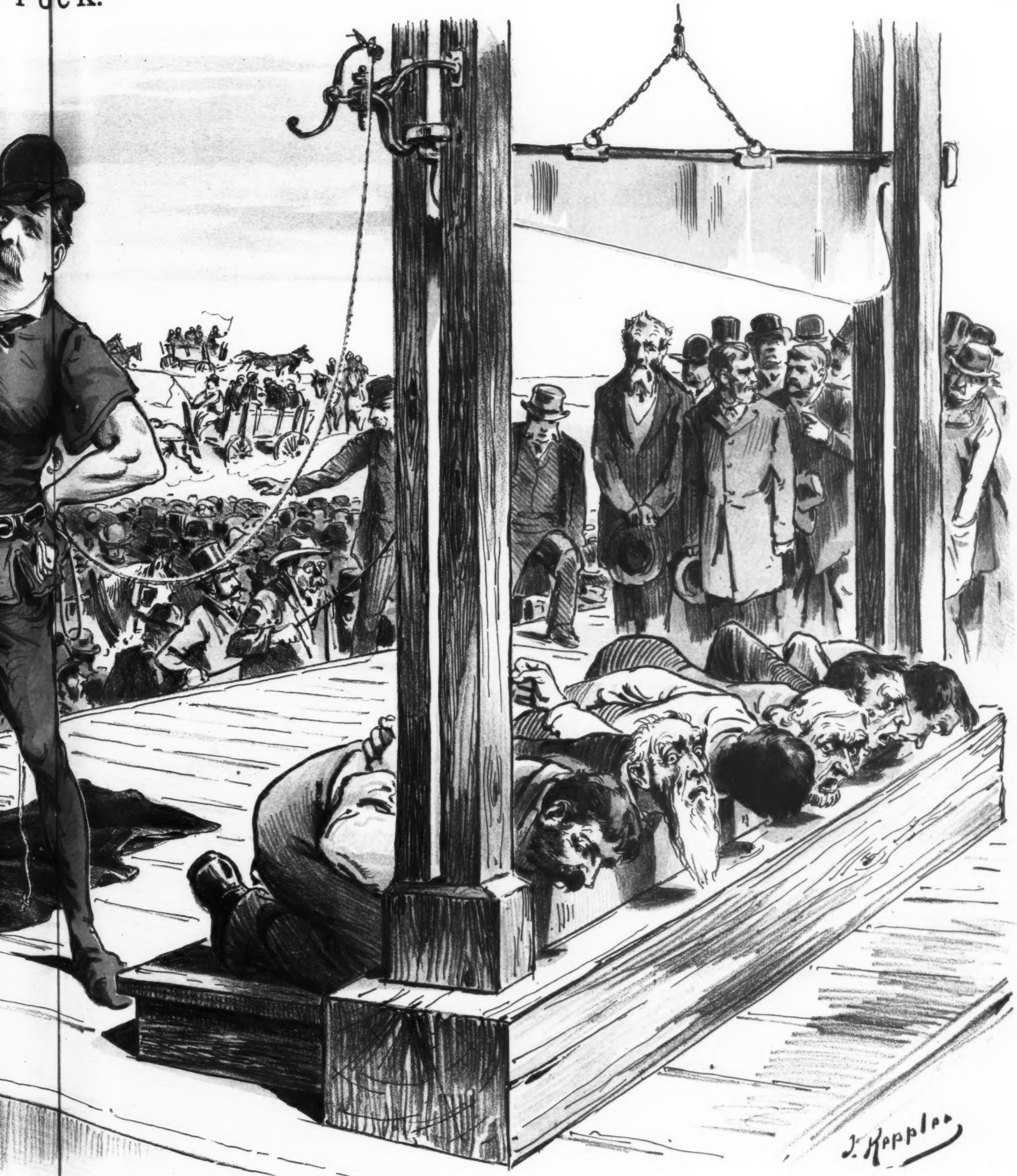
CALLER. — I want a post-office.

THE PRESIDENT. — Where do you live?

CALLER. — Oh, I can live anywhere that the post-office is! Us Indiana folks don't mind traveling.



PUCK.



ISTRATION GUILLOTINE.

AN ADAPTIVE STEED.

I INSERTED THE following advertisement in our village paper the other day:

WANTED—A SMALL house for the season
Apply, etc.



and have had a great deal of soul-twisting sport out of it. The compositor, who works in a bait factory five days in the week, performed a notable feat in re-creation, by making a "horse" out of a "house," and I've been holding a Tattersall's reception ever since.

Before the paper was printed, the top of a torn livery stable bill-head was handed in to me one evening, and following this informal card came the proprietor himself. Ere I could explain that it was a chalet and not a palfrey that I wanted, he had preached this enticing sermon:

"One 'r th' *Mirror's* proof-sheets blowed out th' winder, an' I seen into it that you wanted a small hoss.

I've got one that's smaller than Uncle Tobe Benham, an' he's small 'nough t' feed seed cat'logues to a shoat. Small? Why, I let her out t' other day in a village cart to old Miss Welkin, an' she did n't know more 'n t' set right plum over th' axle. When that fat tarrier of hern jumped in behind, what does th' hull outfit do but turn a back han' spring, an' th' hoss, she came down flat on her saddle jest th' opposite of where she was, an' Miss Welkin shut up like a deer-knife 'tween th' seat an' th' gutter."

I ventured to hint that I had no idea of buying a horse, but the dealer evidently thought this a mere subterfuge to knock him down on price, and he kept right on:

"You need n't be 'fraid that she's *too* small, though," he said. "She's th' knowin'est thing you ever see.

"I've got three sets of harness fer her, each on 'em one size bigger than t' other. When I let her out to Mr Freeson, the parson, she knows he's kinder dign'fied, an' she draws herself up, an' stan's on tip-toes, an' swells out, so's I have t' put on number one.

"Then when they's a funeral, an' things is kinder av'rage all 'round, she's what yer call nommal, an' number two goes; but when Sile Dyer hires her t' let his rickety boy go up t' Kensico for cider, you'd orter see her! She sort'r shrinks all up, an' draws her legs in, an' coughs jest as nat'ral as c'nsumption.

"Jest think how handy she'd be for you 'round th' place. She'll eat any thin'. Brigand, th' butcher, tells me that you always run a bit short toward th' last of the week. That's th' time she'll haul in, an' be contented with p'tater-skins an' old curl-papers. Then when things gits better, an' you have a fair dinner, she'll put on her nex' size, an' 'dapt herself t' what lobster-salad an' fixins you have left over; an' Mondays arter th' Sunday dinner, she'll expand, an' you won't have t' have



A BROOKLYN FATHER'S INVENTION.

Cut taken from the prospectus of
The Grand Avenue and Prospect Park Baby-Carriage Cable Railway Co.
[Limited].



AN HERCULEAN TASK.

The LIVINGSTONE SPOOLERS have moved into one of those growing neighborhoods on the upper west side. This shows them trying to entertain callers in a pleasant, chatty manner, with the elevated railroad half a block away, blasting going on close by, carpenters at work on the new house next door, an exciting base-ball match being played in the empty lots opposite, and a procession of trucks loaded with iron building materials passing the house.

no refuse carts a-comin' inter th' yard. She's sound an' kind, Mister Gotman, an' afraid of nothin'."

Here was a loophole of escape, and I crawled through.

"If I bought a horse," I whispered, "I should like one just like yours; but that last clause rather decides me not to make a trade. As my wife and children would probably drive it more than I should, (here I edged him toward the door,) I should have to insist on an animal that is not afraid of any thing."

"That's what I mean," he wailed; but I pushed him out on the front porch, and locked the door.

J. S. G.

A MEAN TRICK.

GREAT EDITOR.—Well, I've seen a good many mean things in this world, but the meanest, shabbiest trick I ever heard of was played on me yesterday. You know my business manager always prints the daily circulation at the head of the editorial page?

SYMPATHETIC WIFE.—Of course!

GREAT EDITOR.—Well, last night the proprietor of the miserable sheet across the way lured my business manager into a revival meeting, and to-day my circulation has fallen off seventy-five thousand copies.

A SENSIBLE CHANGE.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—Here's good news. Walking-sticks are to be larger than ever.

HOWELL GIBBON.—Ah, how does that happen to please you? I thought you were wather satirical about even the pwesent size.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—Ah, but the new ones, my boy, will never fit into anybody's mouth!



MORE HONORARY THAN HONORABLE.

Puck respectfully bespeaks for Hon. Col. W. W. Dudley the honorary title of First Grand Decurator of the Republican party, in recognition of his eminent services.

N. B.—"DECURATOR—One who arranges the people in companies or clubs for purposes of bribery and corruption."—*Latin Dictionary*.

A CHICAGO VERSION.

'T is better to have loved and been divorced, than never to have loved at all.

PUCK'S INFANT INDUSTRIES.

Compiled by Carlyle Smith.

XXXVIII.

THE MULDOON ORPHAN ASYLUM, MULDOON, N. Y.



THE BOARD OF MANAGERS of the Muldoon Orphan Asylum invite the attention of editors to their unequaled assortment of child's sayings, manufactured exclusively by the little ones confided to their care, and now for sale at the main office of the Asylum, at Muldoon, N. Y., at the uniform price of two dollars each. One child's jokes for young and puling papers at special rates. Read the following testimonials:

"ELMIRA, CONN., May 10th, 1889.

"I have used five of your 'Little Willie' jokes in the last five issues of my paper, and consider the value of the property to have advanced twenty-five per cent., at which increased valuation I am now ready to sell out.

"J. BROWN, Ed. *Clirion*."

"My weekly, the *Henrietta Kazoo*, after suffering for two years from nervous prostration, was given six columns of your assorted 'Johnny Aged 4' jests at one dose; and, before a month had passed, a new business spirit crept into the management, and the journal has since become a comic annual.

"HENRY K. HIGGINS, Ed."

"My wife suffered from melancholia for fifteen years. We had despaired of her recovery until we heard of your valued industry. We tried one batch of your 'Emily's Breakfast-Table Talk,' with marvelous results. She managed to smile without obvious effort, after a second batch, and to-day she eats three hearty meals and laughs aloud in church. Please send eight batches of one dozen jests each, to Elliot F. Mugwump, by return mail.

"Yours, E. F. M."

FIRST COME FIRST SERVED.

Apply Early.

*The Muldoon Orphan Asylum,
Muldoon, N. Y.*

XXXIX.

THE JOISETTE FORGETTING SYSTEM.

Subscribers taught to forget more in five minutes than can be learned in ten. Especially recommended to defeated candidates and rejected

lovers. Terms, one hundred dollars per quarter. No Forget, No Pay.

PROF. JOISETTE,
Fifth Avenue and 963d Street.

XXXX.

Will break in shoes for gents with tender feet.

A. TRAMP,

Care of Judge Gruffy, City Court.

XXXXI.

Homes robbed with neatness and dispatch, and the whole affair written up for morning papers by A. X. *The Tombs*.

XXXXII.

To every purchaser of one dozen bottles of Squink's Malignant Vitriol for sore eyes, Washington Hicks, druggist, gives one two-cent stamp for one cent, licked.

GO TO HICKS FOR DRUGS.

Chestnut Street, Philadelburg, Pa.

ANY THING FOR DISTRACTION.

THE PRESIDENT.—Elijah, where is that latest communication from the State Department on the Samoa affair?

ELIJAH.—I think, sir, that Master Benjamin has taken it for a kite.

THE PRESIDENT.—And that report from the Indian Commission?

ELIJAH.—I believe I saw Miss Marthena wearing it on her head as a soldier hat.

THE PRESIDENT.—Well, hand me the morning papers, to pass away the time.

STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, Sullivan is not a member of the Boston Belting Co.

ANOTHER OF PUCK'S esteemed contemporaries — *The American Agriculturist* — Jeremiah B. Rusk.

IF ALL FLESH is grass, babies doubtless come under the head of new-moan hay.

LIGHTNING NEVER strikes twice in the same place. It does n't have to — once is generally sufficient.



"UNDER THE INFLUENCE."

MRS. MCFUDD.—Oi hear, Mrs. Casey, that George Francis Thrain do be fashtin' wan hoondred days.

MRS. CASEY.—Sure, that 's nothin'. Oi 've been fashtin' these six months!

MRS. MCFUDD.—Through th' infloouence av Psoiko?

MRS. CASEY.—No. Through th' indoolince av Moiko. Luk at him!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle. 639

The name of Sohmer & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

Fe B's Ginger
Philad^a P^ley
For Cramp^y & Colic^y

DECKER
BROTHERS'
33 UNION SQUARE
NEW YORK
PIANOS

HII HO! PORPOISE HIDE!

Just the **Razor Strop** I want.
Got it for 50 cents, free by mail, from

SHATTUCK & BINGER,
42-56 Lincoln St., Newark, N. J.



First Prize Medal, Vienna,
1873.

WEIS & CO.,



Manufacturers of Meerschaum Pipes,
Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and
retail, 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories,
69 Walker Street, and Vienna, Austria.
Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes and Bowls
made up in newest designs. Catalogue free.
Please mention Puck. 259*

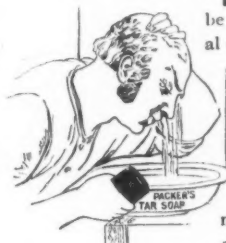
PUCK'S LIBRARY NO. 23.

Best Girl.

BEING PUCK'S BEST THINGS ABOUT OTHER FELLOWS' SISTERS.
10c. ALL NEWSDEALERS. 10c.

PHOTOS OF THE FAR WEST.—Finest collection in America of Columbia River Views, Cascades, Government Locks and Buildings at Upper Cascades, Oregon, Old Block-house where Grant and Sherman were when fighting Indians, Government Barracks, at Vancouver and Willamette Falls at Oregon City, etc., etc. Handsomely furnished and mounted on Cards. 50 cents each, or \$5.00 a dozen. THE PHILIP S. BATES PHOTOGRAPH CO., Box 260, Portland, Oregon. 646

"DANDRUFF should never be neglected, because its natural end is in **BALDNESS.**"



"The persistence of **ITCHING** is peace-destroying and exhausting to the vital powers."

SCRATCHING is not nice, nor half as satisfying as a **SHAMPOO** with

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

which allays Itching, cures Dandruff and Skin Diseases, prevents Baldness and leaves the skin delightfully smooth, soft, elastic and healthful. Removes odors from perspiration, etc. Prevents contagion. 25 cents. Druggists, or

THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton St., N. Y.

Sample, (1/2 cake), 10c. stamps, if Puck is mentioned.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1103 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club B'd'g.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main Street.

TIME LOVES A YOUTHFUL MARK.
BESSIE.—They say she is as pretty as a picture.
JENNIE.—Perhaps so. But she's not as pretty as her last picture.—*Harper's Bazar.*

EXCLUSIVE.

"Get out o' here," said the hen to the China egg. "You don't belong to my set."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Add 20 drops of Angostura Bitters to every glass of impure water you drink. The genuine only manufactured by Dr. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

Pears' Soap

HENRY WARD BEECHER wrote:



Henry Ward Beecher

"If CLEANLINESS is next to GODLINESS soap must be considered as a means of GRACE, and a clergyman who recommends MORAL things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of PEARS' Soap has opened for it a large sale in the UNITED STATES. I am willing to stand by every word in favor of it I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

PEARS' is the best, the most elegant and the most economical of all soaps for general "TOILET PURPOSES. It is not only the most attractive, but the purest and cleanest. It is used and recommended by thousands of intelligent mothers throughout the civilized world, because while serving as a detergent and cleanser, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which infants are so liable. It has been established in London 100 years as A COMPLEXION SOAP, has obtained 15 International Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. It can be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States; but be sure that you get the genuine, as there are worthless imitations.

HIRES



ROOT BEER

The most APPETIZING and WHOLESOME TEMPERANCE DRINK in the world. TRY IT.

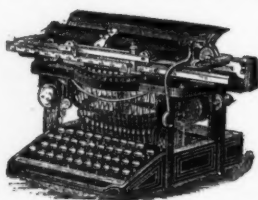
Ask your Druggist or Grocer for it.

C. E. HIRES, PHILADELPHIA.



2D HAND BICYCLES
and every American make new at lowest prices. Easy payments with no extra charge. Send for catalogue.
ROUSE, HAZARD & CO., 66 Q St., Peoria Ill.

REMINGTON



STANDARD TYPEWRITER

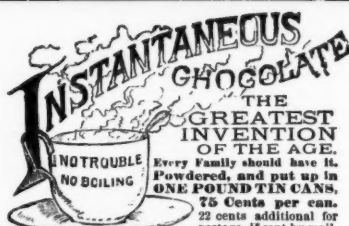
GOLD and SILVER MEDALS

FOR **CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD,**

At Toronto, in open contest, Aug. 13, 1888.

151 Words per Minute, without an Error.

The above is an authentic record made by Mr. Frank E. McGurrian, at Detroit, on January 21, 1889, on a memorized sentence, thus **BEATING ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS** of correct work, by 30 words per minute, and placing the "Remington" still further beyond reach of competition. Photographic copies of certified work furnished on application.
WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, New York.



STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inventors and Sole Mfrs., N. W. Cor. 13th & Market Sts., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Crosse & Blackwell's FRESH FRUIT JAMS,

Made from English Fresh Fruits

AND REFINED SUGAR,

ARE SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.,

GAME and PATES CHICKEN TRUFFLED MADE FRENCH STYLE

TOTALLY DIFFERENT FROM POTTED MEATS.

These Franco-American Food Co.'s Patés are a real delicacy for Lunch, Supper, Picnic, Yachting and Traveling.
10 Varieties in 8-ounce Cans.
SERVED ON THE PULLMAN BUFFET CARS
Sample can sent free for 25 cents. Sold by Grocers.



"Nothing purer, better for invalids, supplying a long-felt want," writes one of the most prominent physicians of New York.

Beef Tea, Chicken Broth, Chicken Soup, Mutton Broth, Tapioca, Julienne, Green Turtle, Mock Turtle, Ox Tail.
Sold by Leading Grocers and Druggists.
Write to us if you cannot find them.

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO., 101 Warren St., N. Y.
Please mention Puck.

VISITORS TO EUROPE

TIFFANY & CO.,

Union Square, New York.

Suggest to visitors to the International Exposition that they will find one of the interesting attractions of Paris a visit to their establishment,

36 bis AVENUE de L'OPERA

Where can be seen probably the largest, most valuable and comprehensive collection of Precious Stones and rich Jewelry for sale in Europe.

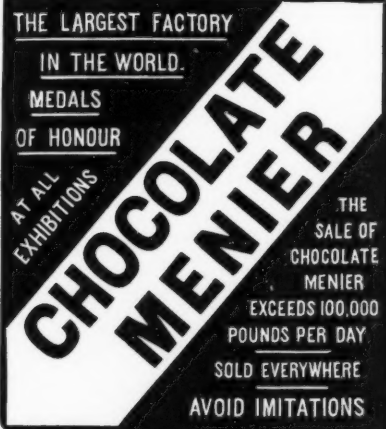
In addition to the advantage of so large a stock to select from, purchasers have the security of the full endorsement guarantees and privileges given by the New York House.

627



Established 1865.
WILLIAM ROEMER,
MANUFACTURER OF
Trunks and Traveling Bags
No. 82 Fifth Avenue,
cor. 13th St., N. Y.
The largest assortment in the city.

423



Are Your Congress Shoes Insured?

WHERE Insured?

In Boston, at the office of Hub Gore Makers, the largest manufacturers of Shoe-Elastic in America. This Trade Mark on the inside of the Elastic is the Insurance Seal Stamp.



HOW Insured?

By this Legal Document which accompanies the shoes. THE ELASTIC IN A CONGRESS SHOE IS CALLED "GORE."

INSURANCE CERTIFICATE.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 15, 1888.

This insures to the wearer of these shoes perfect service of the Gore for ONE AND ONE-HALF YEARS from date letter in Trade Mark. If the Elastic fails within eighteen months, send the shoes by express, at our expense, from any part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, West Indies, or Sandwich Is'de, and we will insert new Gore in finest manner, and return shoes free of expense.

HUB GORE MAKERS, Boston, Mass.

Signed, Albert Herbert, Pres.

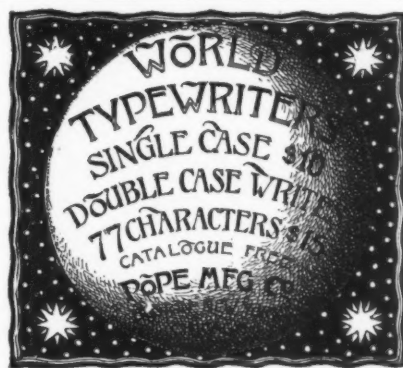
Er Page, Treas.

WHAT Insured?—The Elastic Gore.

AGAINST Shrinking, Fading, Bagging, Losing Shape, Getting Loose, Wearing Out. SUCH SHOES Look Better, Fit Better, Feel Better, Last Longer.

WHERE Sold?—Everywhere. They cost no more, and come in every desirable grade and make. Write us for list of dealers in your locality. (Copyright, 1889, by Hub Gore Makers, Boston, Mass.)

REGULARLY IRREGULAR.
BLOBS.—Is Smith regular in his habits now?
JONES.—Quite regular, but his habits are bad.
—The Owl.
"NOTHING BUT LEAVES"—A Sophomore Greek Recitation.—Yale Record.



Best on Earth?

Yes, they are; VICTOR riders say so. Ask them. See the VICTORS for '89, Bicycles, Tricycles, Safeties. All highest grade. Illustrated catalogue free. Send for it.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO. MAKERS, BOSTON, MASS.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his \$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE. \$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE. \$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE. \$2.50 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOE. \$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE. \$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting. name and price, stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud. If not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.



CAUTION

SMALL HAVANAS } Three-Inch Cigar CADET, \$10 Thousand; OPERA, \$12; Sample Box by mail, 3/c. Agents wanted. J. M. AGUIERO, 246 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

Bailey's Rubber Shampoo Brush



[Size, 7x7 inches. Patent applied for.]

ERADICATES DANDRUFF.

It thoroughly cleanses the scalp and hair of all impurities, leaving both in a clean and healthy condition, simply by using with pure soap and water. It causes no irritation, as is often experienced from finger tips or a bristle brush. For bathing the neck and face, or children, it will be found delightful. It is made from a sheet of pure Para rubber, one side being formed into cylindrical teeth with a flat end and the whole as soft and pliant as a silk handkerchief. Price, 75 cents. Send us postal note and we will forward prepaid.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., Manfrs. 133 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass.

"Having used your RUBBER SHAMPOO BRUSH in my Hair Dressing Rooms, in Boston and Fitchburg, I am fully convinced that it is just the article to be used by every one who is afflicted with dandruff or an itching scalp, as it entirely cures both, leaving the hair clean and in a healthy condition."

CHAS. BARBITT.

Beware of infringements. All our goods are marked: "Bailey's Brushes—Pat. applied for."



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.



W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

Is absolutely pure and it is soluble. No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



THE ARMSTRONG S. S. GENTLEMAN'S GARTER,

Made Without Rubber.

The elasticity is given by Nickel-plated Brass Springs, like the well-known Duplex Ventilated Garter for Ladies, which has given such universal satisfaction, and are recommended by the Medical Fraternity as the only Garter to wear for Health and Comfort. The best Garter for either Hot or Cold Climate. For sale by all First-class Dealers in Notions and Furnishings.

Sample Sent Post-Paid, on Receipt of

35 Cents, by

The Armstrong Mfg. Co., Bridgeport, Conn.



\$3 Printing Press.

Prints all your cards and labels. Circular press, \$8. Size for small newspaper, \$44. Rotary Jobber, 9x13, \$100. Full printed instructions. Send 5 stamps for Catalogue presses, type, cards, etc., to factory KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.



KNEE-BULGED, Baggy, Wrinkled, Shortened PANTS fully restored and kept in fresh, new shape and style by our perfect TROUSER RE-SHAPER. Sent prepaid for \$1.00. Or Rich pay to Road Men, local Canvasers and Agents;—wanted NOW. Name this paper. TROUSER RE-SHAPER CO., COLUMBUS, O.

WEAR THE BURT & PACKARD



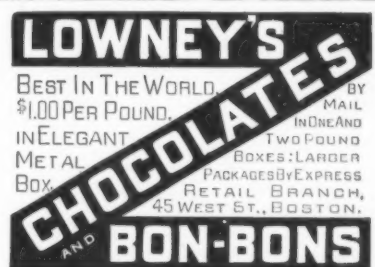
IT CONFORMS TO SHAPE OF FOOT.

If you want perfection in fit, with freedom from corns and all discomfort you will always wear the Burt & Packard Shoe. It is acknowledged as the most comfortable, the best wearing and most stylish gentlemen's shoe made in the world. Don't spoil your feet by wearing cheap shoes.

The Burt & Packard Shoe costs no more than any other fine shoe, though none approach it in value. All styles in Hand-made, Hand-welt, and Burtwelt; also Boys' and Youths'. If not sold by your dealer send his name and your address to

Packard & Field, (successors to Burt & Packard) 610 Brockton, Mass.

WHIST RULES and Directions for Play. With the "AMERICAN L.E. DIS." Composed from the BEST AUTHORITIES. By mail, 6 cts. in stamps. THE WHIST CARD CO., P. O. Box 3363, Boston, Mass. Wholesale Agents, WINKLEY, DRESSER & CO., 12 Milk St.



WRIGHT & DITSON.

FINE LAWN TENNIS.

OUR SPECIALTIES:

"Championship Ball," adopted by the U. S. National, Intercollegiate and Southern Associations for 1889.

Racquets: "Sears' Special," \$7.00; "Pettitt" (just out), \$5.50; "Longwood," \$4.00; "Park," \$3.00; "Surprise," \$2.00.

Portable Marking Tapes, Columbia Marker, Taylor's Patent Poles, Pettitt Shoes, Tennis Clothing, etc.

580 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

Who has n't had POOR HOSE?

Do not waste your money on rubber hose but get the



The Spiral Cotton Hose is the only reliable Hose, which is proven by there being so many imitations. The genuine has FOUR distinguishing marks.

I. A red line running through it.

II. The patent mark "Spiral," patented March 30, 1888.

III. The corrugated band fastening hose to coupling.

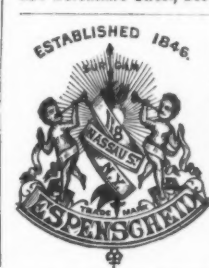
IV. Corrugated coupling as shown in cut.

The "Spiral" Cotton Hose having no outside covering to hold moisture as rubber hose does, dries like a towel. Insist on getting this Hose, as some dealers will try to sell an inferior one.

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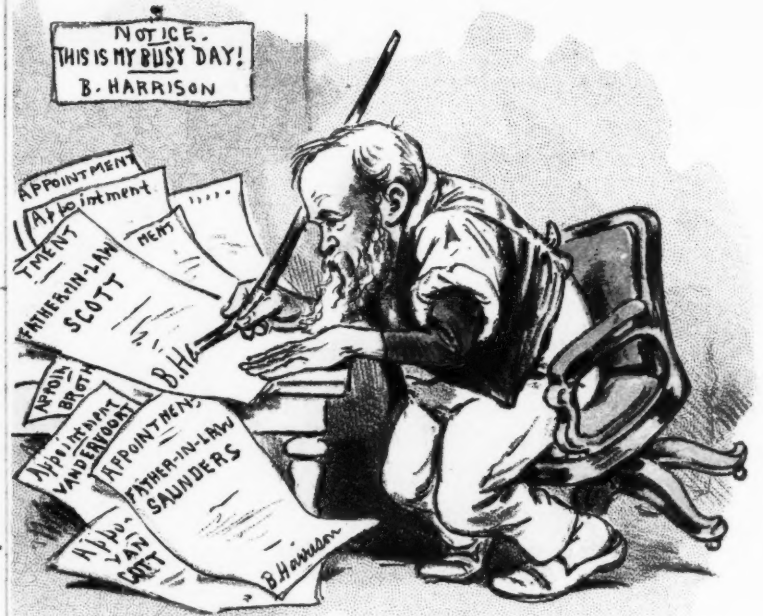
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